

Desires Of The Abandoned

Euthanasia

The lost faith withers
in the depth of the soul.
No more time for love
it sets with the sun.

The lost youth
each day follows the last.
Beauty is fading
but stays in the hearts of the weary...

Stop so I can hear that quiet cry,
thoughts are drowning in desires
of the devil's dreams, the devil's dreams.

Having the knowledge, you pass through good and evil,
when the word wounds, the looks of dead days.
I try to take the suffering of past loves from paradise.

A blasphemy - I walk through the dark
knowing your shade - to live with just a game.
A fervour's burning - my desire
be yourself - grief threatens my innocence,
coming closer a miserable world.